

The Evening World

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WAGE-EARNING WOMEN.

Matrimony should be voluntary and not compulsory. By compulsion is not meant the physical prowess by which the Romans got their Sabine wives, and which is still the custom in the interior of Africa, but the economic compulsion, which is more constant in its pressure than any brute force, and which is even more destructive to matrimonial ideals.

It is from this standpoint that the employment of women at wage-earning occupations is most material to the community. A man can be an excellent husband and still do the work of any profession or trade. For a woman to fulfill all the duties of her part of the matrimonial contract makes it impossible for her to work regularly at wage-earning occupations.

In so far as wage-earning relieves women from necessitous matrimony it is a good thing. In so far as women's competition diminishes the number of families by decreasing the ability of men to maintain them it has an injurious result.

The institution which holds society together is the family. No other means has been devised to provide for the continuance of the human race. Were the mortality among all children as great as in founding hospitals, orphan asylums and the other places where children are cared for by other than their own parents a few generations would witness the diminution of the human race.

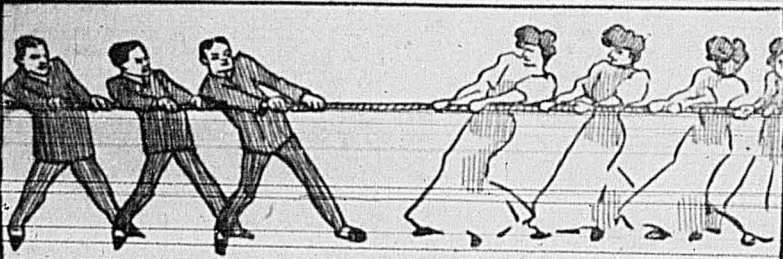
The protest which Miss Elizabeth Magie makes in her series of articles beginning to-day in The Evening World is inevitable. There are tens of thousands of other young women who, perhaps less gifted in their ability to express their thoughts than Miss Magie, have like aspirations and likewise feel a personal wrong in their limitations.

It is not natural that millions of women should spend their lives in wage-earning occupations, but as conditions are in the United States it is impossible for many of these women to live without working for wages.

The common mistake made in the consideration of this problem is to regard it as a matter of morals instead of economics.

Working for wages is as honorable and praiseworthy in a woman as in a man. It implies nothing morally one way or the other in a woman than in a man. To involve woman's wage-earning in a moral discussion blurs the important facts.

Few people work voluntarily at any wage-earning occupation. The reason they work is because they need the money, and their work would stop promptly if the wages ceased to be forthcoming.



A woman has as much right to money as a man—a great deal more according to the feminine point of view. A woman certainly needs food and clothing and shelter quite as much as a man. If she cannot get what she needs in any other way than by working for wages she will go to work with no more complaining than a man. Indeed, women are less prone to find fault about their work than men.

What keeps women's wages lower than men's is that the openings for wage-earning women are not increasing anything like as rapidly as the number of women who are seeking to earn wages. While in the skilled trades the number of men seeking wages is diminishing in proportion to the employment offered, the few occupations open to women are overcrowded by the vast number of women seeking employment.

Men have centuries of experience as wage-earners behind their present status as workmen. Women's position as wage-earners is not yet established. They might better utilize men's progress in making men's labor as dignified and well paid as it is, and follow in the path of experience instead of regarding working for wages as either a novelty or avoidable.

Letters from the People.

Improves on "Rufus Rustus."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is a little parody on "What Yer Goin' to Do When the Rent Comes Round."

William Randolph Journal Hearst,
What yer goin' ter do after January 1st?
What yer goin' ter pay?
Flow yer goin' ter pay?
For all the ballot boxes
Lost last Election Day?
You know I know votes cost dough.
Mr. Hughes will put you out in the snow.

William Randolph Journal Hearst,
What yer goin' ter do after January 1st?
R. B.

Whose Duty?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In regard to "Whose duty is it to start the kitchen fire in the morning?" I would like to say that I think it depends on circumstances. If a woman isn't well I think her husband should perform this duty, especially during cold weather, even though he may be a hard-working man. But on the other hand, if she is well, I think she should take pleasure in quietly arising, making the fire and preparing her hard-working husband's breakfast. I, for one, enjoy it, and my husband does not seem at all "inhuman."

Emigration vs. Immigration.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
There is much talk against pronounced immigration. Much of it is just that, talk. Let the opponents remember that the country which constantly receives the influx of new blood is the country that is perpetually growing and increasing in power. The country where there are more emigrants than immigrants is necessarily on the

wane. As every country of Europe sends emigrants to America, and as almost no Americans emigrate, the influence seems plain.

Complain to Board of Health.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to register a complaint against the keeping of dogs in backyards in New York city. What can a suffering tenant do to get rid of the howling hounds? There are two or three in the house in which I live and they are an infernal nuisance.

I. B. D.

Those Three Sons.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to point out a fallacy in the solution by "Adolphus" of the distribution of seventeen horses among three heirs (so that one gets one-half, the second one-third and the third one-ninth). He solved it by borrowing a horse of a neighbor. If the fractions one-half, one-third and one-ninth be added they will sum up to seventeen-eighths, and the fallacy consists of not accounting for the other eighth, which is the borrowed horse. The problem is a "trick" question and cannot be solved mathematically.

G. F. S., East Orange, N. J.

It Is Not Customary.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Should a person go to a place of amusement of any kind a few weeks after the funeral of a father?

F. H. P. M.

The Future Murphy?

By J. Campbell Cory.



Married Men's Kisses

An Illinois Widow Says Married Men Alone Know How to Kiss.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

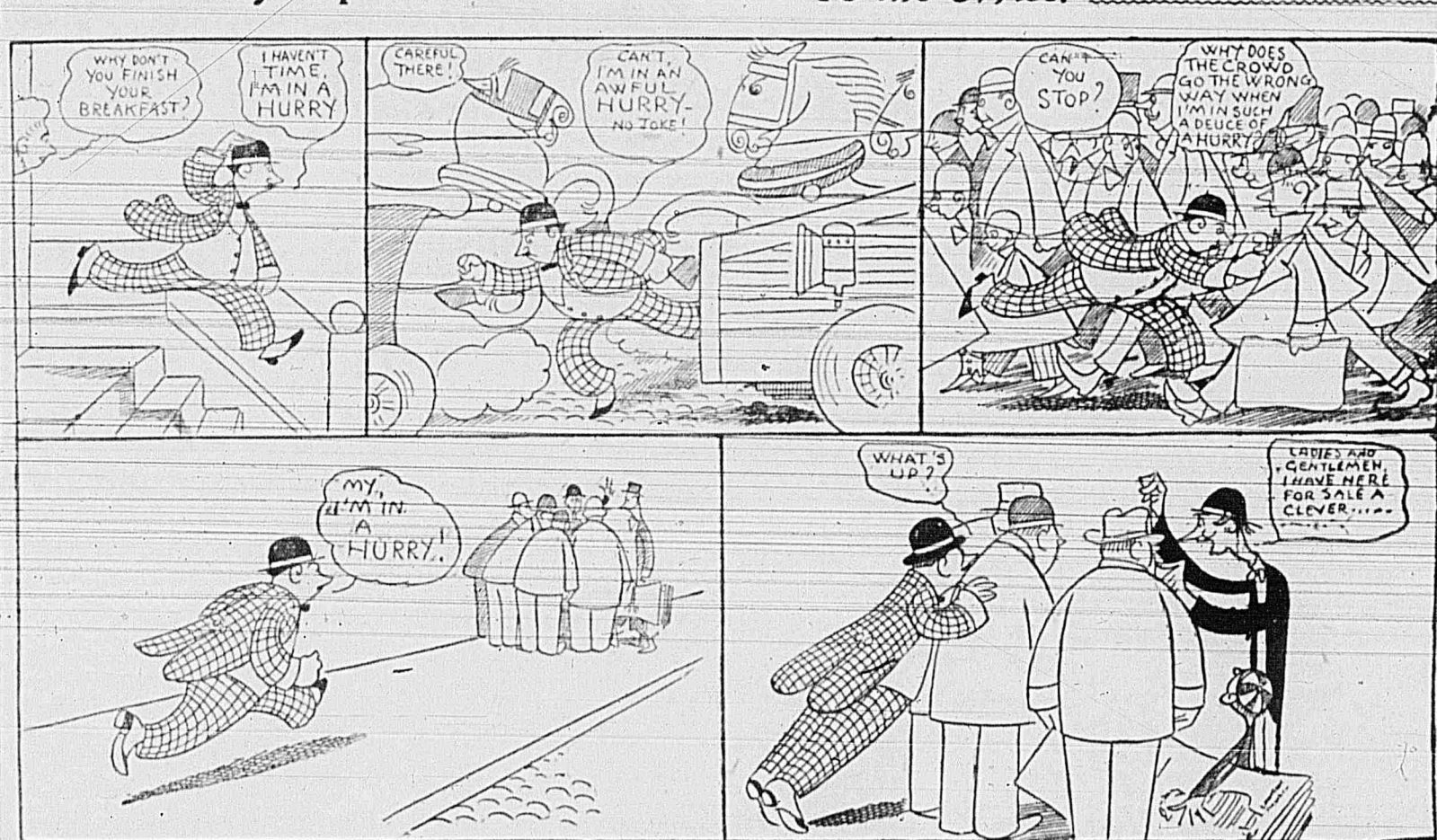
"THE married man's kiss," and a widow says this. "Contains all the elements needed for true love. They are longer, more heartfelt and stronger. And very well aimed—never miss. Married men have the knack of evolving a smack. That's all to the good—not the work of a hack. With sorrow I own that I ought to have known 'he' was married—and given it back."

You young fellows single who bark to this jingle, With jealousy's pangs will be set all a-tingle. To think that in glory of osculatory Accomplishments great you unwed lads can't mingle. What use of competing with married men beating? You might as well wed, for your chances are fleeting. Begin to practice at this "kiss" before it's too late. If you want to indulge where two tulips are meeting. The young men unmarried look saddened and harried.

"Old bachelors" are scared, for too long they have tarried. The girls, bibbed and tucked, have lips nicely puckered. For wed ones, and all the unwed smacks are parried. Straight hands till your necks hurt—the word of the expert. Has settled the thing and all girdles are "next" pert. While married men, dizzy, will now all get busy. And haste to the kissable girls' nods-and-becks pert.

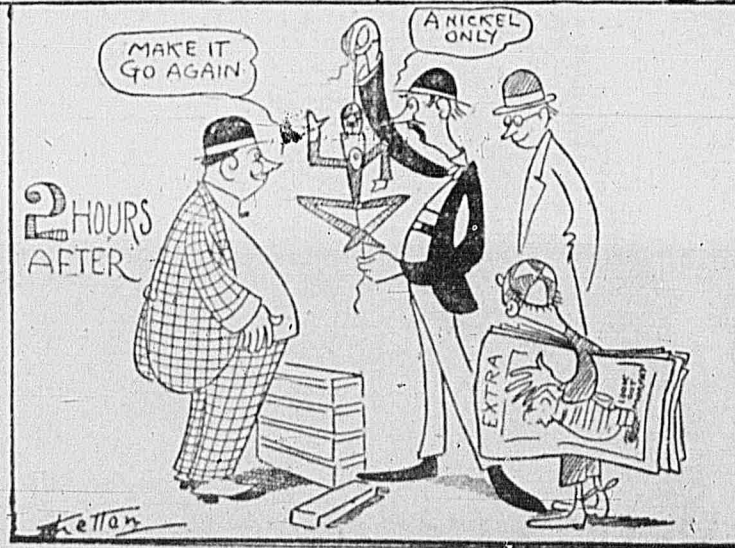
The "Hurry Up" New Yorker No. 3—He Goes To the Office.

By Maurice Ketten



Odd Animal Traits.

A FEW weeks ago a little dog had to be taken by force from the grave of his mistress in Hoxton churchyard, England. The affair has reminded the Bishop of Barking of an incident in the same village when he was officiating at the funeral of the late vicar. He says: "After the coffin had been placed in the chancel and just as the service was beginning a little room hopped up the centre aisle, glancing to, right and left at the villagers and mourners, and finally alighted on the coffin, where, as the service proceeded, he sang a few notes at intervals. I was told after the service that the same little bird was a pet of the vicar's and was present in the church on several occasions and among them when he preached his last sermon before his death."



Hindu Women.

TO call Hindu women ignorant argues ignorance in those who say so. It is a misnomer. Not to be able to read and write is a mechanical defect, not an intellectual one. How can these women be called "uneducated" when their intellects have been developed and their natures cultivated under a system of education long in vogue in India, though very different from what is known to us at the present day? How can the intellect of the race have been kept up under the supposition that one-half of the community is in a state of barbarism? asks a writer in the Madras Mail. How do you account for a Hindu woman who does not know how to read and write being able to quote text after text of Manu? There are Hindu women who know the whole code of ethics. Indeed, the Hindu woman appears to my humble understanding to be the most cultured of her sex in any part of the world.

NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES
By Irvin S. Cobb

The Dear Unfair Sex Again.



LET us consider, for example, a woman. Just an average, everyday woman. Such a woman as would, naturally and instinctively, open a dictionary at the "Zs," to see how the plot ended in the last chapter.

This woman goes calling. If she's rich she goes in her own carriage; if not rich in a hired cab that costs a great deal more than the carriage, the same being one of the economical paradoxes of our island. She wears a frock which a he-dressmaker admitted was his life's masterpiece. The bill, for her hat, when presented to her husband, caused him to shriek for help, sink twice, and then, with a despairing cry, ending in a gurgle, go under for the last time. About her throat is a neck-piece of Arctic fox—and did you but know, dear reader, what Arctic fox costs, you would readily understand why is it that only the very wealthiest Arctic foxes are able to wear their own skins this winter. Arctic foxes in merely comfortable circumstance have to content themselves with mink fur or chinchilla.

But the woman is not satisfied with herself. She is covered with shame. She declares that she doesn't feel fit to be seen in the street. Reason:—Her silk underskirt is a last year's style!



Upon a cold and biting day she trips blithely adown Broadway in a bonnet about as solid as the nest of a cuckoo, which is a bird that doesn't make any nest, and a little coat that ought to give her fully as much protection as a very porous plaster would give. Her clinging gown is thinner stuff than a man wears on Sundays in July. At her throat is a spider-webby fling of open-bore lace. Her sleeves end midway of her arm, and above the tops of her gloves the pink bare elbows show. Her hands hide themselves in a muff the size of one of those square envelopes that a wedding invitation or a tailor's announcement comes in.

Now, if a mere man appeared in a blizzard in his shirt sleeves and said he was all right because he had on two pairs of red suspenders, we would instantly diagnose it as a bad case of kerneis, and ring for the official collectors to come with their van and bear him away to an upholstered niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Peculiar Pecans. But we accept without question the lady's explanation—she says her muff keeps her warm.

For a special occasion she harnesses herself into a corset as stern and unyielding as the arrangements for buying meal tickets at one of John D. Taylor's generous plantations to his Fifth Class. Her gown buttons on the spine. Her hair is marcelled into a frenzied massard. Her wrists are encumbered with gold-handcuffs until she rattles like a runaway milk wagon. Her shoes would be perfectly comfortable if she only had one toe on each foot. Her heels are four glasses.

Thus attired, she sees a picture of the Cackwar's lady wife in a supple, graceful, easy robe of silk, with a jewelled little nose-ring in one delicate nostril and silver bangles on the ankles, where they are just as useful as bracelets on the arms, and perhaps not so much in the way. And then our heroine remarks to herself that these barbarian races certainly do dress themselves outlandishly.

THE FUNNY PART:

Yet many women and some men contend that the sex should be allowed to vote.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

Which Shall She Marry?

Dear Betty: I HAVE known a certain young man for almost a year. In that time we have become very fond of each other. Not long ago another young man asked me to marry him. I think he would make a good husband, for he is so kind and considerate, but I hesitate in accepting, for if I do I might lose both in the end. RUTH S.

Dear Betty: I AM a man of about thirty-five years of age and I have a girl dear to me. She is just twenty-two years old and I think the world of her. She says, because I am a widower, she cannot marry me, but states that she shall always love me. My son, fifteen years old, objects to her. What shall I do—give her up or try to get her to lose both in the end. RUTH S.

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